THE NATION'S No. 1 PUBLISHER, By Edith M. Stern

# The Saturday Review of Literature

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VOL. XXIII No. 17 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1941 FIFTEEN CENTS

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"TOWARD FREEDOM"
By Jawaharlal Nehru
*Reviewed by William Henry Chamberlin*

"KINGS' MASQUE"
By Evan John
*Reviewed by Charles David Abbott*

THE NEW POETRY
*Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay*

"NO OTHER MAN"
By Alfred Noyes
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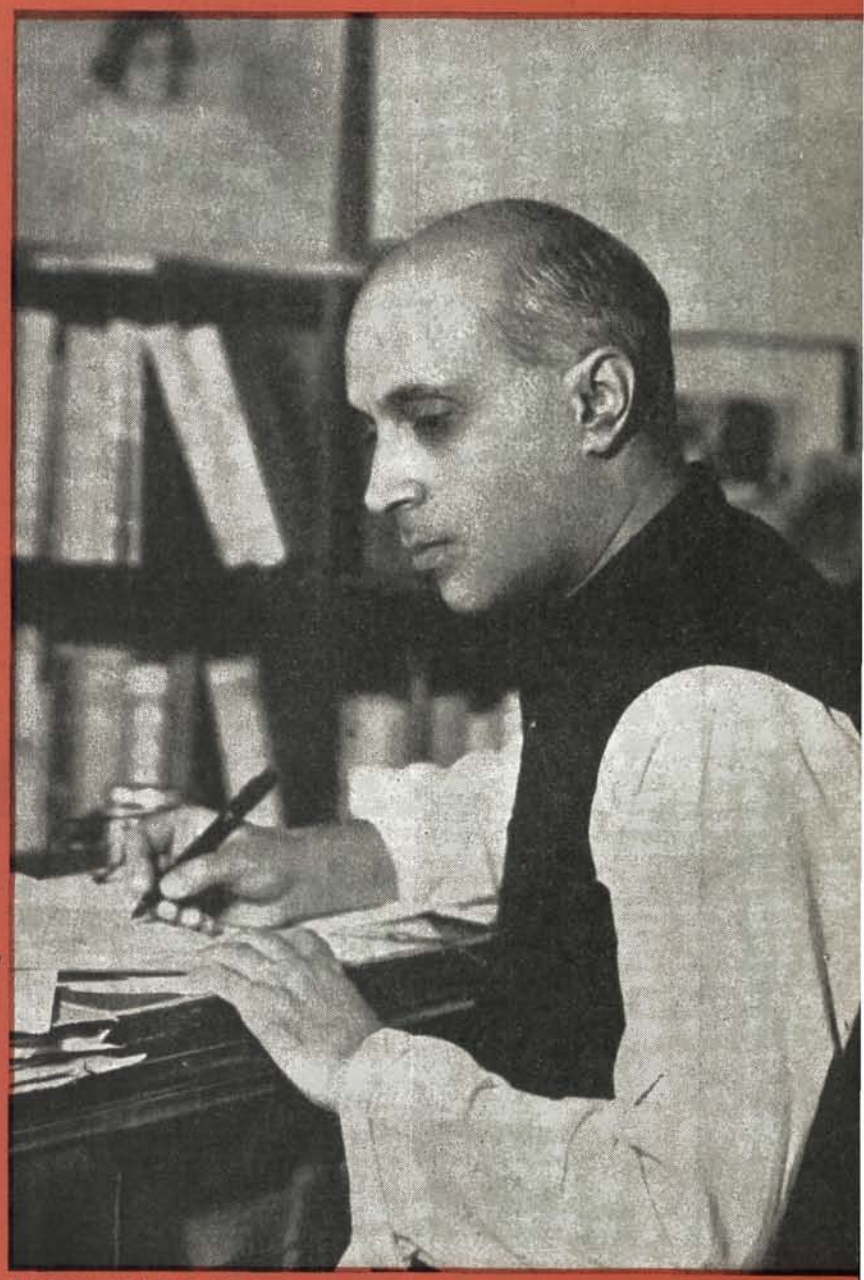
"THE LIVING AND THE DEAD"
By Patrick White
*Reviewed by R. L. Nathan*

"CHRISTIANITY AND POWER POLITICS"
By Reinhold Neibuhr
*Reviewed by George N. Shuster*



JAWAHARLAL NEHRU is a many-sided personality . . . an Easterner who has assimilated the best of Western culture . . . *(See page 5)*

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**MACMILLAN**

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*The Saturday Review of Literature*

# The Nation's No. 1 Publisher

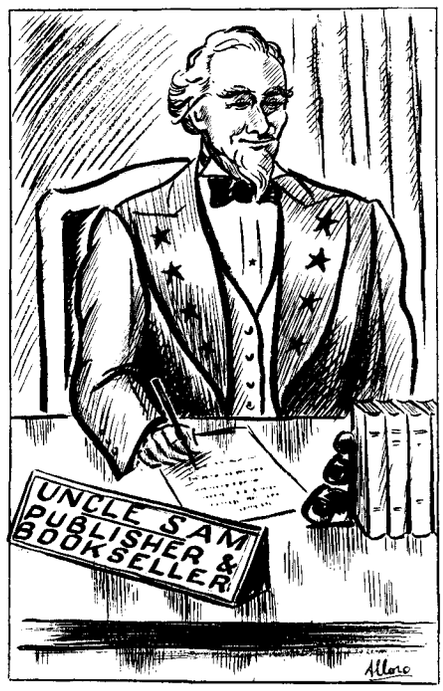
EDITH M. STERN

*Two years ago, The Saturday Review published an article on best-sellers of the U. S. Government. The accompanying article brings this subject up to date, in addition to including new material on the Government as publisher and bookseller.*

A SINGLE publisher, last year, sold over 13,000,000 books and other publications without benefit of a line of advertising, a salesman on the road, or a cocktail party for reviewers. The list of over 65,000 titles contains no mystery stories, no novels, no volumes of poetry—only authoritative information about cooking, farming, health, industry, law, military and naval matters, mining or statistical reports. And nobody cashes in on this gargantuan output—except the reader—for the publisher is the United States Government.

The Government's volume of sales is the triumph of meeting real needs over lack of merchandizing. Take, for example, its unalluring retail outlet, the Government Bookstore. Housed obscurely in the vastness of the Government Printing Office, the shop breaks every rule of sales appeal. There is no direct entrance from the street; no show window; no indication, in the modest set-up, of the stock of 8,076,752 publications. The interior is drab—golden oak, and tiled floor. Three affable young men in shirtsleeves, who function from behind a solitary counter, comprise the sales force. No sign invites you to "Come in and browse"; the small collection of books on display is locked in glass cases, and only an assortment of price lists is available for thumbing. Poster displays consist of a couple of framed signs on the counter. "Books of interest for the city-bred man and the university graduate as well as the farmer and everyday man of affairs. We will be glad to help you find what you need," one of them reads. "Yes, they were here when I came, twenty years ago," one of the clerks said, when I commented on the signs' old-fashioned typography, the swastikas that embellished them.

Yet the bookstore does an enviable business. In the short time I was there a succession of lawyers' clerks and Western Union messengers carried off piles of Supreme Court decisions, Congressional Hearings, and pamphlets. A young man ordered a bulletin on fox farming to be sent to him in Attica, N. Y. A shabbily dressed old gentleman scanned the rack of price lists, tucked No. 51, "Health," and No. 69, "Pacific States," into a brown paper bag, and meditatively departed. A husky in overalls purchased two copies of "Safety Regulations for Motor Carriers." About 100-150 customers a day come in, I was told. In the fall, when schools open, there's some lift: national affairs bring about occasional booms like the current demand for C.A.A. regulations and Army Manuals, and the quondam rush for N.R.A. regulations; but, in general, business is pretty constant and such commercial phenomena as the Christmas rush are unknown.




*SRL drawing by Alloro*

Heaviest business of the U.S.A., bookseller, goes on upstairs, in the office of the Superintendent of Documents—familiarly known, in government publishing circles, as the Soup of Docks. There a staff of 450 fill an average of 5,000 mail orders every day. They come in from individuals, from hospitals and educational institutions, from scientific publications and foundations here and abroad, and from book dealers. On quantity lots there's a twenty-five percent discount. Payment can be made in several ways: by check or money order (no stamps accepted!), C.O.D., by coupons purchased from the Superintendent of Documents at twenty for one dollar, or through deposit accounts, which make it unnecessary to know the price when ordering. For the asking, you can be put on the mailing list for weekly notices of Government publications, or topical price lists.

THE Superintendent of Documents disposes of stock under handicaps that would appall a commercial concern. Paid advertising is nil. Publicity is limited to post office displays of notices to the effect that ninety-six governmental units engage in fact finding with published results "valuable to you" or to an occasional chance newspaper item mentioning the existence of a Government bulletin on Veterans' Benefits or bedbug elimination or venereal disease. Few, if any, reviewers expatiate on the verbal lucidity of "Personal Hygiene" (price ten cents) or the beautiful illustrations of "The National Parks Portfolio" ($1.50).

Like other word merchants, however, the Superintendent of Documents has his best seller lists. In periodical subscriptions *Venereal Disease Information* at fifty cents a year, *School Life* at $1.50, and *Survey of Current Business*, a weekly at two dollars, are among the ten leaders. All the first dozen among individual best sellers, in 1939, were about children or health. "Infant Care," that hardy perennial, as usual topped the list. "Healthy Happy Womanhood" and "You Can End This Sorrow," a pamphlet on



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syphilis, now total nearly 600,000 copies sold, respectively. Others among the fifty-six best sellers further hobbies, such as "Postage Stamps," "Basic Photographs," and "You Can Make It"; some, are practical handbooks like "How to Judge a House," "Stain Removal," and "The Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables"; still others, such non-utilitarian but educative booklets as "Fifty Common Birds of Field and Orchard" and "The Story of the Declaration of Independence." Even so esoteric a segment of human knowledge as "Determination of V factor in the urine and tissues of normal dogs and of dogs with blacktongue by the use of Hemophilus parainfluenzae" has its market, though, like other technical publications, it's unlikely to join the best sellers.

Original cost of the research, composition, typesetting, and printing of Government documents is borne by the issuing department, which has an appropriation for the purpose. When you buy a Government publication you pay only for cost of subsequent press work, paper, and binding. For this the Superintendent of Documents has no appropriation; he has to carry costs through sales. Consequently he shares the need of all booksellers to stock carefully. The various departments are encouraged to "write their jackets—" *i.e.*, to recommend which of their publications they think are likely to sell, on the basis of the demand for free copies. The Superintendent of Documents bases his guesses, also, on sales of similar type publications in the past. And, also like his commercial confrères, sometimes he guesses wrong. "Postage Stamps," for instance, was a surprise seller; "American Battlefields" was a flop; "Furniture, Its Selection and Use," though it made the best seller list, sold well below expectations.

No editorial decisions must be made by the Superintendent of Documents: what is published is decided by the issuing department, and decided under continual fire of "propaganda," "waste of taxpayers' money," and "not a function of government." Recently the same magazine which carried a diatribe against the imbecility of bulletins on care of canaries and on window curtains, a few months later lauded to the skies the government publications which have raised rural living standards and sweetened the lives of farmers' wives! As a matter of fact, popular departmental publications are nearly all issued in response to letters of inquiry on this or that subject: a marginal point is reached when demand makes it cheaper to print than to send out letters. So, for instance, "Reindeer Recipes," once excoriated by a Senator as an example of extravagant inutility, came into being. There were numerous inquiries on utilization of reindeer meat; cost of reply was twenty cents or more by individual letter, half a cent per printed bulletin. The booklets on lawn care are, too, the result of years of inquiries from home owners.

All free distribution comes from the departments, not from the Superintendent of Documents. So vast a part of the Government's activities as publisher is this donation of literature, that many a citizen doesn't even know that a federal publications sales office exists. The Department of Agriculture, for instance, annually fills 800,000 requests for its 50,000 titles. Some, like "Born in Irrigation Waters" and "Notes on the Habits of Certain Coprophagous Beetles and Methods of Rearing Them" come under the heading of technical bulletins, and, designed for specialists, are printed in lots of only 2,500-3,500. Others, like "Diets to Fit the Family Income," a best seller both purchased and gratis, are popular in writing, format, and illustrations; aimed at Mr. and Mrs. John Doe, their printings run from 10,000-100,000.

In addition to what the Department of Agriculture sends out direct on request, each Congressman, by law, gets 12,500 of its non technical Farmers Bulletins and Leaflets to bestow where and as he wishes. This reading matter takes the place of the old-time largesse of seeds, and sending out lists of what's available is an excellent way for politicos to keep memory green among their constituents. "Dear Senator," a letter read, "Thank you so much for thinking of me. Please send me your bulletin on shade trees?"

IN other departments, Congressmen must request publications like any other citizen. With certain exceptions, not more than one copy each of ten publications can be got free; beyond that, you have to purchase through the Superintendent of Documents. You must pay, too, if a department's free supply is exhausted, so it may happen that a publication available free the first Monday of this month must be paid for on its second Friday. Conversely, if copies for free distribution are on hand, you get for nothing the bulletin listed at ten cents . . . or for which your neighbor, who ordered through the Superintendent of Documents, has just paid ten cents . . . a state of affairs equally disconcerting for the citizen and for the clerks who have sometimes to return money, since the departments make no direct sales, pass it on to the Superintendent of Documents, or refer you to him.

There are, of course, abuses of the

(*Continued on page* 16)

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; James Nelson, Vice-President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary; George Dilkes, Business Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $4.50 in Canada; $5 in other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXIII, No. 17, Feb. 15, 1941. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."



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# Life Story of A Rebel

*TOWARD FREEDOM. By Jawaharlal Nehru. New York: The John Day Co. 1941. 445 pp., with index. $4.*

Reviewed by
WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

NOT since Kropotkin's "Memoirs of a Revolutionist" has there been such an appealing and revealing life story of a rebel. Anything that Jawaharlal Nehru might write would have a certain interest and significance; after Gandhi, he is the outstanding leader of the Indian nationalist movement. But the interest and appeal of his autobiography go far beyond the movement to which he has devoted his life and for which he has spent many years in prison, where he now is. It is the self-expression of a fascinating, many-sided personality, of an Easterner who has assimilated the best of Western culture and civilization, who can turn aside from the heat and struggle of political polemics to describe the habits of the birds and animals who shared his prison life, to illustrate his love of mountains with a beautiful quotation from Pascal, or to reflect philosophically on his own life in the following philosophical terms:

> More and more I have looked upon life as an adventure of absorbing interest, where there is so much to learn, so much to do. I have continually had a feeling of growing up, and that feeling is still with me and gives a zest to my activities as well as to the reading of books, and generally makes life worth while . . . The years I have spent in prison! Sitting alone, wrapped in my thoughts, how many seasons I have seen go by, following one another into oblivion! . . . If I were given the chance to go through my life again, with my present knowledge and experience added, I would no doubt try to make many changes in my personal life; I would endeavor to improve in many ways on what I had previously done, but my major decisions in public affairs would remain untouched. Indeed, I could not vary them, for they were stronger than myself, and a force beyond my control drove me to them.

Nehru, unlike the Oriental saint and mystic, Gandhi, despite his Indian ancestry and his leadership in the struggle for Indian freedom, is very largely a product of the West. Educated at Cambridge, he tells us that his nationalist feeling was first awakened by reading the works of an English historian, Trevelyan, about an Italian revolutionary, Garibaldi. His thinking follows Western patterns. He puts the case against British rule in India just about as an Englishman of liberal or radical views would put it if he should find himself transformed into an Indian.

It is a strong case in many ways and it has found few more effective advocates than Nehru. Years of imprisonment have not soured or embittered his spirit; he does not weaken his points by intemperate exaggeration but his general picture of India under foreign rule is not a happy or a pretty one. In some respects it is suggestive of Russia under the Czars, with the added sting that India's rulers are of an alien race.

The Amritsar massacre is a fair replica of Russia's Bloody Sunday and the frequent crowding of prisons with the most idealistic and best educated of the Indian youth is also suggestive of pre-war Russia. Just as many Russian intellectuals became revolutionaries as a result of witnessing the poverty and distress of the peasants, so Nehru's political thinking has been strongly affected by his agitation among the Indian peasants. This has not only furnished new fuel for his animosity against what he considers the arch-enemy, foreign imperialism; it has also convinced him that a program of mere middle-class reform, a transfer of power to the Indian well-to-do educated classes, would not go to the root of his country's problems.

His economic faith seems to be in socialism, although he does not fill in any very precise blueprints as to the future social structure of India. It is perhaps natural, in view of his personal experiences, that he should display more interest in the general goal of national freedom than in the exact form of the new Indian state.

One point which a practical revolutionary like Lenin or Hitler or Mussolini would have regarded as supremely important is largely passed over in Nehru's work. This is the problem of the seizure of power. The author nowhere indicates clearly how the British rule in India, in his opinion, might be overthrown, whether by mutinies among the Indian troops, by non-coöperation on an unprecedented scale, by political strikes, or other forms of organized revolt.

Here perhaps one senses a weakness of the nationalist movement with which Nehru is identified. The Indian National Congress (which is not a congress in the sense of being a legislative body, but is a nationalist political organization) unquestionably possesses the largest mass following of anybody in the country. But considerable and influential sections of the population, the more sectarian Mohammedans and Sikhs, for instance, stand aloof from it. It has made much less progress in the native states than in British India. And it is weak in military influence. The fighting tribes and races among whom the British have recruited most of their Indian soldiers are not, as a rule, much under Congress influence.

So, although the Indian nationalist movement has contributed its full share of martyrs, of terrorists who have been executed or sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, and, more recently, of disciplined leaders of the non-coöperation movement who stand up and let themselves be beaten unconscious by the police without striking back in prohibited demonstrations, one does not see how it is to seize the reins of power. Perhaps the war, if it should end unfavorably for Great Britain, will furnish the answer to this question, although it is by no means certain that the kind of nationalism for which Nehru stands would be the beneficiary of the fall of the British Raj.

There would probably be savage explosions of race and class hatred and some new imperial ruler, perhaps Japan, perhaps the Soviet Union, perhaps Germany might well appear on the Indian scene before any kind of effective national defense could be built up.

Nehru's attitude toward the present war is mixed and yet fully understandable in the light of his experiences. He hates fascism, with its tyranny and racial arrogance. His sympathies are all with nationalist China against Ja-

**Indian peasants marching with a banner "Away With Serfdom."**
*D. G. Tendulkar*

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pan, with the small nations which Germany has overrun. But he is unwilling to be reconciled with British imperialism, even for the duration of the war against fascism, for, as he believes, "they are twin brothers, with this variation, that imperialism functions abroad in colonies and dependencies while fascism and Nazi-ism function in the same way in the home country also."

Toward British imperialism he is uncompromising. "I have loved much that was England," he writes, "and I should have liked to keep the silken bonds of the spirit between India and England." But he believes that the British Government in India, by refusing the Congress's offer to coöperate in the war effort on condition of a recognition of India's independence, has destroyed the last hope of reconciliation. Because he believes this, he has gone back to the familiar existence of prison.

However one may feel about what would constitute real justice and freedom for India (and this question is more complex than a nationalist advocate could reasonably be expected to concede) India may well be proud of having put forward as leaders. A moral giant like Mohandas Ghandi and a generous, high-minded, idealistic rebel of the type of Nehru. Throughout his life Nehru has shown that he is not afraid of suffering for his cause.

Nehru's personality challenges comparison with Kropotkin's. Let us hope that he will never find occasion to repeat Kropotkin's last words:

"Why has the revolution no noble side?"

# Two Kings and a Count

*KINGS' MASQUE. By Evan John. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1941. 447 pp. $2.50.*

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

IN his "Crippled Splendour" of a few years ago Mr. Evan John proved himself a historical novelist of authentic talent. It was a book that exhibited a mastery of construction which, slighting no details, built out of the complex pattern of its characters and events a narrative of compelling interest. It was history, as just and accurate as research could make it, presented with the imaginative insight of the accomplished story-teller. After so brilliant a predecessor this new book is disappointing. This is not to say that it does not have remarkable qualities. Mr. John does not know how to be dull. His taste and scholarship are too deeply rooted to permit either extravagance or distortion of fact. But the unity of structure, which was so notable in "Crippled Splendour," is not here. He has created only a series of episodes which, often perfectly proportioned in themselves, do not grow into the solid pattern he intends.

The reason for this failure is not difficult to see. He has simply attempted too much. His prime purpose was to support and glorify the theory of kingship, its timeless virtues and inescapable practicality. To do so he has needed, for contrast, two contemporaneous kings, a strong one and a weak one. These he has found in Gustav III of Sweden and Louis XVI of France, but to bring them together into the fabric of a novel requires an intermediary who can move intimately in the orbit of both. Count Axel von Fersen, the Swedish soldier and diplomat notoriously in love with Marie Antoinette, is made to order for the purpose, but he poses Mr. John the structural problem which is insoluble. Dramatically, he cannot be both in Sweden and France at the same time. Hence the dependence on the episodic method. And, even more destructive to the novel's unity, he becomes so structurally important that he steals the show from the two protagonists necessary to Mr. John's thesis. The result is a novel that tries consciously to be a serious study of the political and ethical responsibilities of kingship, while the exigencies of its form force it to be the saga of a comparatively unimpressive man whom its author does not find intrinsically attractive.

In the face of this basic dilemma, it is surprising that Mr. John has been able to provide so much that is admirable. His sentimental nostalgia for benevolent kings will win few converts to monarchical principles; his unwilling glorification of Count Fersen will inspire few hero-worshippers; but his panoramic, yet intimate, survey of late eighteenth century Europe, alive with sharply conceived characters, makes the book a memorable period-piece. To that survey disconnected and inconsecutive episodes do no harm. They are an asset. They permit all manner of unexpected evidence to be included: the future Madame Toussaud giving lessons in wax-work to Princess Elizabeth, Sir Sidney Smith leading the Swedish squadron to victory over the Russians, Gouverneur Morris threading his one-legged way through the turmoil of revolutionary Paris. In such interludes Mr. John's real skill is magnificently apparent. It is to be hoped that his next novel will have no thesis insistently curbing the speed and dimming the splendor of his progress.

# Your Literary I. Q.

**By Howard Collins**

BLIND CHARACTERS IN LITERATURE

Briefly described below are nine literary figures who are conspicuous because they were blind. Allow 5 points if you recall their names, and another 5 if you remember the work in which each appeared and its author. A score of 50 is par, 60 is good, 70 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 10.

1. The eye of this huge giant was put out when a famous traveler thrust a pointed stick into it.

2. When his lunatic wife set fire to the house where she was confined on the top floor, this gentleman was blinded in an attempt to rescue her.

3. A sword cut on his head, received while he was a war correspondent, gradually brought blindness to this English artist.

4. Because he had the effrontery to peek at the town's leading lady as she rode along in her birthday suit, he was struck blind.

5: Although thick volcanic ash impeded the progress of most people in this stricken city, it was no handicap to this blind flower girl as she led her lover and his sweetheart to safety.

6. The father of this blind girl brought her up to believe that he was young, rich, and handsome, and that their home was really sumptuously furnished.

7. Though blind, he occasionally assists his private detective friend in criminal investigations; he has also written several articles on his hobby, numismatics.

8. A few hours after this blind pirate had put Billy Bones on the spot, he himself was run down by horses and killed.

9. Because he assisted an unhappy king to escape from his daughter's wrath, this nobleman's eyes were plucked out by the daughter's husband.

**SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 359)**

BOSWELL

*A MATRIMONIAL THOUGHT*

In the blithe days of honeymoon,
With Kate's allurements smitten,
I loved her late, I loved her soon,
And called her dearest kitten.
But now my kitten's grown a cat,
And cross like other wives,
O! by my soul . . . . . .
I fear she has nine lives.



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# The New Poetry

SARA HENDERSON HAY

OF the six poets* reviewed in this article, two are newcomers. Norman Rosten's book, "Return Again, Traveller," is the latest of the Yale University Series of Younger Poets. It is a long poem whose subject is, in the large, the excitement and drama of growing America. It is really a series of more or less unconnected units; kaleidoscopic and very much on the surface impressions of a young man who has apparently just discovered the materials of American history. In 1937, so Stephen Vincent Benét's Introduction to the book tells us, the author hitchhiked from New York to Salt Lake City and back again, and thus was born the inspiration for his first published volume. The trouble with Mr. Rosten's work is that he adds very little to the material. He is like a man who has read Whitman for the first time and goes around on fire with his discovery, quoting great lines and ringing phrases to which he brings nothings but his enormous appreciation.

The book is full of a fine and gusty enthusiasm, and that is a good thing. But the materials per se are the properties of drama, and Mr. Rosten does hardly more than state them objectively. For instance:

> Who remembers Ethan Allen, coming down from the Green Mountains at night with 250 farmers armed with rifles, pounding the gates of Ticonderoga, smashing the iron hinges "Open in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

What this country needs is a good poet with both enthusiasm and discrimination. This requires more than the ability to make an outline, however stirring, of the sources of his enthusiasm. Mr. Rosten has not yet assimilated his material. I should not say, as the Introduction does, that here is a revaluation of certain American things by a young affirmative mind. There is definite talent here, and vigor and personal excitement, but no revaluation at all, so far as I can see. There is more to America than railroad building, skyscraper erecting, labor exploiting, and subway advertising; more than the rip-snorting violence and adolescence which Mr. Rosten makes so much of. His panorama is too sketchy, too much just the skeleton of an emotional reaction. It will be interesting, however, too see what he does when he has thought about things a little longer.

Belle Turnbull's book, "Goldboat," is a narrative in free verse; the story of John Dorn, a young engineer who comes to a village in the Rockies with a twofold ambition—to make a success of the gold dredging operations of his employer's company, and to make a life for himself and his future wife, the employer's daughter. It is the story of a man's idealism and honesty in conflict with the chicanery of big business. The hero is disillusioned both by the company's machinations and by the pettiness of Alicia, the boss's daughter. Dorn finally realizes that he loves a girl of the mountains, who knows that "two can work a saw."

In outline this is an excessively trite plot, relieved somewhat by Miss Turnbull's really good writing. But the exigencies of verse form, however free, make for so much condensation and impressionism that the thread of the story is at times rather difficult to follow. It is the reviewer's opinion that the medium of poetry detracts rather than adds to the force of the work. Miss Turnbull's ability as a story teller is so good, and her style so vivid, that as prose this would still have retained a poetic quality. As it is, it falls between two stools, and there is too much the flavor of experiment about it. The author could, I believe, do credit to herself in both fields, whereas a combination of prose and poetry lacks the best qualities of either.

There is a touch of irony in the title to Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Make Bright the Arrows." They are neither glittering nor sharp. Here is, in fact, a most disappointing performance by one who has been hailed, and rightly so, as America's leading woman poet. Miss Millay's 1940 Notebook would have been better if she had let the ink dry on the poems. Mere sincerity and great concern are not enough for poetry. It is difficult to understand why the poet thinks that an inferior expression of a powerful emotion will carry its message by its theme alone. The pen is still as mighty as the sword, in the long run, but much of its effectiveness depends on the manner in which it is wielded. For one whose earlier poetry was perfected and made both strong and beautiful, this shoddy and cliched expression, however impassioned and earnest, is a singularly disheartening job. "Of him to whom much was given, much is required."

Edna St. Vincent Millay — Robert Hillyer — Jean Starr Untermeyer

*Vaskerville*

The first poem in the book is a lyric which could have been written by any one of a dozen women poets writing for our best women's magazines. The "Ballad of Lost Cities" descends to doggerel in its concluding lines:

> President, why the lack of zest?
> Washington's safe. Who'd dare assay
> Boston, New York, the Middle West?
> But where are the towns of yesterday?

In the sonnets only, now and then, there comes through an echo of the Edna Millay who could, by magical juxtaposition of simple, scrupulous words, achieve a tremendous emotional impact. But for the most this book sounds like someone trying to write like Edna St. Vincent Millay. It is regrettable that the author did not work over these poems. One perfect, hardhitting lyric could have done so much more than this volume full of honest but incoherent passion and concern.

Robert Hillyer's sonnets and lyrics in his "Pattern of a Day" are very gentlemanly poems; suave, educated, quiet spoken, extremely well tailored. There is nothing ungracious or petty in either

(*Continued on page* 12)

**RETURN AGAIN, TRAVELLER. By Norman Rosten. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1940. 88 pp. $2.*

**GOLDBOAT. By Belle Turnbull. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 77 pp. $2.*

**MAKE BRIGHT THE ARROWS. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 65 pp. $1.75.*

**PATTERN OF A DAY. By Robert Hillyer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1940. 81 pp. $2.*

**THE TOMB OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By Lawrence Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 45 pp. $1.50.*

**LOVE AND NEED. Collected Poems by Jean Starr Untermeyer. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 239 pp., with index. $2.*



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The Saturday Review
of Literature
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Harrison Smith
Publisher
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## ANISFIELD AWARD

THE $1,000 John Anisfield Award, given annually under the sponsorship of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* will go this year to Louis Adamic for his "From Many Lands," selected by the judges as the outstanding book on racial relations published during 1940.

Mr. Adamic, editor of the quarterly magazine, *Common Ground,* is the sixth recipient of this award, which was established in 1934 by Mrs. Edith Anisfield Wolf, of Cleveland, in honor of her father. Members of the award committee are Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, of the editorial board of *The Saturday Review,* Professor Donald Young, of the Social Science Research Council, and Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild, of New York University, President of the Town Hall Club of New York.

Mr. Adamic for the last few years has given all his time to the study of the immigrant in America and his attempt to adjust himself to his new environment. "From Many Lands," published by Harpers, is a human, warmly written account of the racial contacts and blendings of America's more recent immigrants. It consists almost entirely of intimate narratives of the lives and careers of a number of representative immigrant individuals, families, and groups. The cases selected by Mr. Adamic are individual ones and are not to be considered as generalizations typical of the larger groups to which each belongs, yet they effectively highlight the essential problems and the solutions to those problems of the stranger in a foreign land. The American of longer standing who reads this book will learn much not only about the newcomer but about himself and his country.

Mr. Adamic's own career is an excellent illustration of the intellectual and esthetic contribution made by our immigrants. His work in racial relations has now broadened into a campaign for mutual understanding, and he may justly be cited as one of those new Americans who made new America articulate. He is a Jugo-Slavian by birth and childhood training. His important book, "The Native's Return" must have made many old Americans conscious for the first time of the movements of thought and custom among the hundreds of thousands of Serbs, Slavonians, and Croatians, long domesticated in the United States, but to the fellow Americans they passed on the streets, actually a racial mystery. The importance of this racial articulation in a national unity is very great. What the regionalists and before them, the local color writers, did to make odd corners of Maine or Louisiana, or California, or the Appalachians come into the light of interest and sympathy, these new spokesmen for minorities are doing in a different fashion, but to much more important ends. For Americanization must work both ways or produce a battle compound at last.

Mr. Adamic's book, which is a series of case histories, very well told, of what might be called the drama of racial contacts in America, lies close to the area of fiction and dramatic composition. We wish this very useful award for scholarly works in the field of racial relations might be twinned with another offered for creative literary work, such as novels, or plays which deal with or are inspired by the same theme.

# Not by Waving Banners

**By Phyllis McGinley**

*(Reprinted by request)*

*English lady will exchange recipe of a really good steak and kidney pudding for excellent recipe of lemon merinque pie or fish chowder.*
PERSONAL in the *Saturday Review of Literature*

OH, not by waving banners,
By laying cornerstones
Or saying things at dinners
In loud, official tones,

I tell you not by fever
Of bunting or parade
Shall British hands forever
In Yankee hands be laid.

Divided by an ocean
No bigger than a brook,
Nation has stared at nation
With supercilious look

And thorny as a thicket
Nourished their separate pride,
While one held out for Cricket
And one for Baseball cried.

Greater and ever greater
Has grown the mortal rift
Since one said "Elevator"
And one kept muttering "Lift."

They've mocked each other's vesture,
Speech, custom, climate, use;
Till with a simple gesture
A lady brought the Truce.

For now to walk like Damon
With Pythias they begin.
One touch of grated lemon
Shall make these rivals kin.

Sing, sing her praises louder
While knife and fork we ply—
United by a chowder
Exchanged for kidney pie.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## The Author Dissents

SIR:—I feel the necessity of pointing out that a review of my book, "The Caballero," by Mr. Garrett Mattingly in the *SRL* of January 4 contains outstanding errors of fact. That the reviewer should approve or disapprove is naturally his first prerogative as a critic. But the nature of his disapproval seems to indicate an extreme carelessness in rhetorical expression or a total misunderstanding of the nature and very substance of the book. He says:

> As a satire on Dominican politics and society, "Caballero" does not come off so well. It is easy enough to laugh at the corruption of Latin American politics—other people's political troubles are usually funny—and not hard, though perhaps legitimate, to make savage sport with fascist delusions of grandeur and theories of racial superiority when applied to a small island of such mixed population as Santa Domingo's.

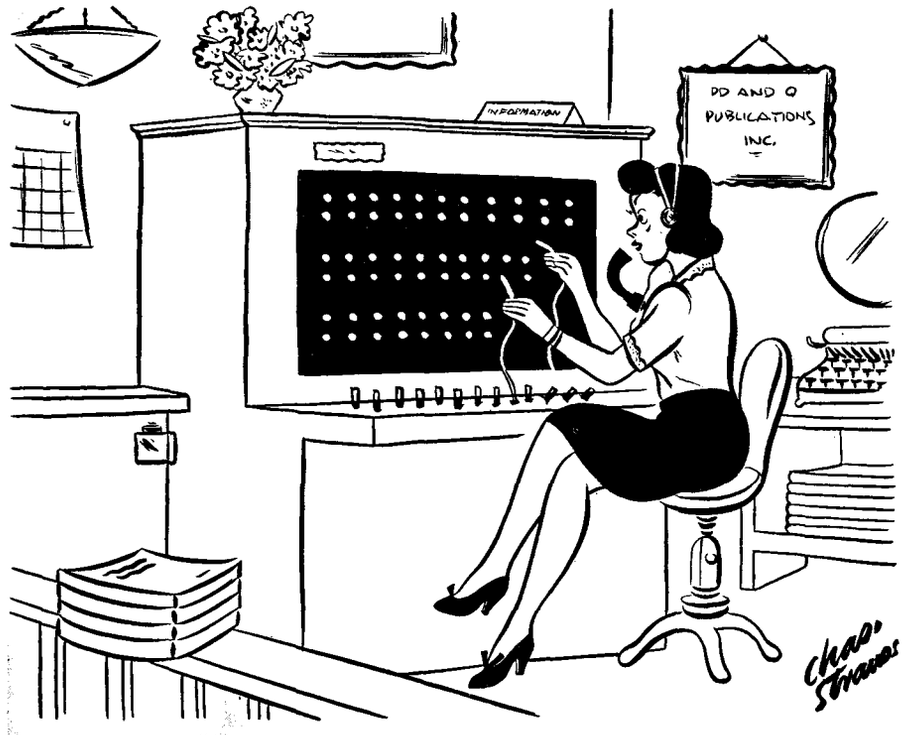
If Mr. Mattingly thinks the book is a satire, or that its primary concerns are politics and what he thinks of as "society," one or the other of us is making a bad mistake. It is not a satire, and if it is not a satire it can hardly be expected to come off well as one. The story is a dead earnest portrayal of people whom I know, and of the violence committed by certain privileged and capable ones among them upon deprived and defenseless ones. Nor do I find it easy to laugh at other people's political troubles, and any implication that I amuse myself and attempt to amuse others in this way comes close to being a libelous statement in these times. The book is neither about the "society" the reviewer appears to wish to defend or about corruption in politics as such. It is a story of certain people in a certain place, and of ambition, greed, and callousness to human rights and dignity. It is also a story of gentle people, work, hardship, confusion, and discouragement. There are no "proletarians" (it is the reviewer who facilely uses the term) or Sebastiano fascists as such, just people. Nor are there Marxian precepts cunningly woven into the fabric. Mr. Mattingly continues:

> The trouble is, as it so often is in serious satire, with the characters. Mr. Courlander's *politicos* and plantation owners are all simple compounds of lust, greed, fear, and cruelty, pompous and vicious, without a shadow of honor, or principle, or right feeling; his peasants and fishermen are all persons of the most admirable simplicity and virtue, charmingly naive, warm hearted, charitable, incorruptible.

This physical description is, I think, clear misstatement of fact. The story deals very little with *politicos,* excepting those who play a part in the book. As for these latter, I don't think they are radically different in real life from their fictional counterparts. There are only two plantation owners seen at close range. One—La Toma—could be characterized by lust and greed, but on close examination he might be found to be substantially less "simple" than the reviewer implies. The second—McIntyre—not only is not a simple person, he possesses not one of the distinguishing qualities Mr. Mattingly rashly attributes to him. I suggest for the reviewer a perusal of pp. 188-191, 252-256, 422-426. As for the peasants and fishermen, they are, in truth, warm-hearted, charitable, and forthright. They are not naive, and are not portrayed so. Although Mr. Mattingly accuses them of naiveté, he also accuses them of over-complex thinking and of too much talking about un-simple things (themes of land and work). The weaknesses, faults, and vices of the peasantry do not play an essential role in the story of Rafael Constanza and Jovero Castillo. The peasants and fishers are confused, quick and irrational in anger, and sometimes slow-thinking. They can be violent and abusive, and know the principles of exploitation. Possibly they have more sensational vices. If Mr. Mattingly thinks it would be good to have a book about the vices of the peasants and the virtues of the *politicos,* he is free to write one.

It appears very important to him to think—in connection with the central character—that power and success are such *very* complicated things. I see no basis for this assumption. Nor do I see any reason why, when society is confronted with an Al Capone, an Adolf Hitler, or a Rafael Constanza, it should be important to emphasize that such people are nice to their mothers and loyal to their friends. I think Constanza's character is valid. A contrary point of view may be justifiable, but the case for it will have to be based on more valid evidence. Sheer irritability is not a satisfactory substitute for facts.

HAROLD COURLANDER.
New York City.




"Horror, Grisly and Ghastly, Inc.—Boo!"

## Information, Please

SIR:—I am engaged in preparing the authorized biography of Mr. Justice Louis D. Brandeis and wish to solicit data relevant thereto—letters, personal reminiscences, anecdotes, photographs, and the like.

Practically all Justice Brandeis' letters after 1915 were written in long-hand. It follows that the only copy available is in the possession of the recipient. If your readers have letters, whether typewritten or in long-hand, or Brandeis material of any sort, they are kindly requested to permit me to use them. All such material will be carefully handled and returned, if requested. If they do not wish to send the originals, they are requested to have copies made at my expense. Full credit will be given for everything that is used.

ALPHEUS THOMAS MASON.
Princeton University.
Princeton, N. J.



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# Swanson . . .

*THE SILENT DRUM. By Neil H. Swanson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.* 1940. 507 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by A. C. RICHARDS

THIS is the second or third of a series of thirty integrated novels planned by Neil Swanson to picture the conversion of the amorphous groups of widely scattered European —mostly British—colonials in North America into a homologous, independent nation. The project is as grand and audacious as Jules Romains's, and if completed will provide a hefty contribution to the already-crowded shelves of American historical fiction. "The Silent Drum" deals with the first armed rebellion against the forces of the Crown at the time of the Stamp Act, just ten years before the Revolution.

As one of a long series of novels "The Silent Drum" suffers a bit from

Neil H. Swanson

indefiniteness of pattern; and the languid tempo, the uncompromising dialect and vernacular, the interminable conversations will fret those readers who like to sprint through their books. But it will satisfy that large group who enjoy carefully wrought fiction dealing with the American past. More than the historical events and the rugged background Swanson's men of good will and ill will command our interest, especially the bound-boy who escapes and lives among the Indians. The scene is the backwoods of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and the characters are soldiers, farmers, Indians, traders, "shirtmen," Black Boys (early Klansmen), Sons of Liberty, etc.

Perhaps the most objectionable feature of the novel is not the fault of the novelist but of the reader. It was said of Browning and E. A. Robinson that they never suspected how uninformed most readers are. Neil Swanson does not realize how ignorant most of us are of minor—and major—events in the Mid-Atlantic colonies in the 1760's. As in all historical novels a map would be very helpful.

# Trumbo . . .

*THE REMARKABLE ANDREW. By Dalton Trumbo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.* 1941. 350 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOLMES ALEXANDER

ONLY persons with no sense of humor will feel riled at this facile satire on American poltics. But persons of that sort are never few in number. To save themselves trouble in cooking up invective against Mr. Trumbo I suggest that they take some leaves from his book. There is a trial in which a naive young American is charged with communism for reading "The Red Badge of Courage"; with treason for owning a biography of Benedict Arnold; with pacifism; aetheism; alcoholism, and general delinquency.

Our literature has never been lacking in social and political criticism. The difference here is a matter of timing. Mr. Trumbo lets go with both bar-

Dalton Trumbo

rels at the sacred cows of the Administration.

"The Remarkable Andrew" is only a novel in the sense that "Candide" was a novel. A thin and impalpable love story carries the ideology. Andrew Long and Peggy Tobin are engaged; and their marriage waits upon the young man's finances. He discovers a shortage in the accounts of the Shale City fiscal department. Refusing to be shaken by threats, cajolings, or bribes, Andrew is made the goat for a bloc of guilty office-holders. He is visited in his room and in his cell by ghostly patriots—Jackson, Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Franklin, Jesse James, and a private soldier of the Revolution. Needless to say this distinguished group not only extricates Andrew and re-unites the lovers, but also does some fancy sounding-off for the author.

This is a likable book because it is always clever and usually funny. It is the more readable because it is timely. It is an important book if only because a man dared to write it with the times so out of joint.

# Braden . . .

*TWO TO MAKE A WIFE. By Louise Braden. New York: Modern Age Books.* 1941. 263 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by FRANCES SMYTH

IT would be a considerable chore to list all the things that are bad in Mrs. Braden's novel. Her publishers presumably found some good in it. To start with a few generalities: the book is pretentious, utterly dishonest, and, we should imagine, to anyone but a speculative school-child it would prove very dull. In one house in an Iowa town Mrs. Braden has gathered together a weak but not corrupted court reporter, who makes good money writing for the pulps; his fanatically religious house-keeper, who is also his mother-in-law; his sister, Audrey, not too perceptibly hunch-backed, a paper doll clipped out of an abridged Krafft-Ebbing; and his son Tim, a drunk, a dullard, and a cheap heel. Between Audrey and Tim an attachment exists more intense and vicious than the usual relation between aunt and nephew, and the plot of the novel revolves around Audrey's maniacal efforts to keep her hold on the young man when he returns from a bender in Chicago bringing with him a bride. This bride, in name only, is an unspoiled, clear-eyed, beautiful young person, given to tiresomely pedantic speech which bores the reader as much as it does the other people in the book. She loves Tim but hates alcohol; as a result she refuses to accord her husband his conjugal rights until he has permanently gone on the wagon. This situation leads eventually to an episode which Mrs. Braden doubtless considers audacious; for our money, however, Mr. Faulkner knocked off a scene in "Sanctuary," involving Red, the girl, and Popeye, which ought to take care of that particular gambit for another twenty-five years.

## ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Polyphemus, in Homer's "Odyssey."
2. Mr. Rochester, in "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte.
3. Dick Heldar, in "The Light That Failed," by Kipling.
4. Peeping Tom of Coventry, in "Godiva," by Tennyson.
5. Nydia, in "The Last Days of Pompeii," by Bulwer Lytton.
6. Bertha Plummer, in "The Cricket on the Hearth," by Dickens.
7. Max Carrados, in "The Eyes of Max Carrados," and other stories by Ernest Bramah.
8. Pew, in "Treasure Island," by Stevenson.
9. Earl of Gloucester, in "King Lear," by Shakespeare.



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# White...

*THE LIVING AND THE DEAD. By Patrick White. New York: The Viking Press.* 1941. 383 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. L. NATHAN

MR. WHITE'S theme is the human consciousness, exactly as that was Joyce's theme. The names are not thoughtlessly joined. Mr. White is no Joyce in scope or mastery, but he must be seriously recognized as working in the tradition of "Ulysses," and working, furthermore, with a literary vitality quite his own. Obviously significant are such sections as his third chapter, in which the raw, immediate childhood impressions of Elyot Standish are given in that same developing stream of consciousness which Joyce applied to young Dedalus in his "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." Dos Passos did that too at the opening of the "U. S. A."; it is one of the marks of the Joycean influence. There are also those incomplete, bardic sentences, half-thoughts, throughout, and the most familiar type of Joycean work: "Night hung heavy the curtain hung thick and sticky behind you could not lift know *savez-vous* was what Mme. Adoree the bunch of shiny cherries . . . " and so on.

But more important than these derivative symptoms are the signs of that tightening and perfection of style, that dry clarity of observation which result from this work when the writer has his own talent, too, to contribute. It is difficult to indicate in a short quote; perhaps this will show it: "They were very much in love. Physically in love. They broke off frequently in the middle of a conversation, because of the greater importance of a private obsession. They sat and looked at each other, and you could see the bones of their faces, as if the flesh had shrunk." In some such way as this the anatomy of three lives—Elyot, his sister, and his mother—is shrunk down to essentials, and we see clear into the intricacies of mind.

It remains to be added that Mr. White's style and method are still more important than his materials, and that was not true of Joyce. We are impressed everywhere with Mr. White's virtuosity and the endless changes he can ring on his theme, but it is difficult to feel that Elyot Standish is big enough to carry all this, or even to be sharply aware of him as an entity. This is even more true of the others. Thoughts and all, they seem more dead than living. Mr. White will have to discover how, with all of their mindfulness, to give them actual body.

# Burton...

*BLOODBIRD. By Thomas Burton. New York: Smith & Durrell.* 1941. 357 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THE immediate plan of Mr. Burton's novel is a sketchy survey of the climate of the country in the booming twenties. Everything is on the dizzy upgrade, at the same time that lines are being formed for the last clash between little enterprise and big. The industries are roaring in the fullness of appetite, and gobbling up everything in sight, land, power, men. A few stubborn men in a town called Corinth are holding on to the farms their fathers had given them, trying to keep off the power lines, the concrete towers, the dams, and all the tricky corruption that rides along on the band-wagon. The story is tricky too, because Mr. Burton, not content with just a national crisis, manipulates the lives of his characters so that each of them comes upon his private day of judgment just as the November days in 1929 come crashing down, and the whole thing is silhouetted in heavy black against the town in flames. It is strong drama, a little too easily stage-managed.

Ease is the limitation here, just as it is a sign of what Mr. Burton can really do. For the best thing about "Bloodbird," what makes it exciting reading, is Mr. Burton's writing of it. He can do things with words that make them vital and explosive. This shows up best in his people, in their variety and lustiness and the actual, complex vigor of their minds and bodies; it shows least in his handling of the plot itself. This is because he cannot really contain his passionate interest in men and women, while he can and does content himself with a tailored narrative. We should like to see him let out all the stops and go all out on the big book he could write.

Patrick White

# North...

*MORNING IN THE LAND. By Jessica Nelson North. New York: The Greystone Press.* 1941. 408 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

JUST slightly southwest of August Derleth's literary domain in Wisconsin Jessica Nelson North has staked off a strip running east from Madison to Milwaukee, the locale of "Morning in the Land." The story begins about 1840 when a family of English immigrants lands at the village of Milwaukee, and ends in 1861 when the young son of that family is marching south to fight in a war as remote and exotic to him as the present war is to a Montana isolationist. It was a lively but not very dramatic period in Wisconsin. The farmer had already supplanted the fur-trader, and by clearing the land was forcing the Indian to move north and west, and the burrowing Cornish miners were already exhausting the lead mines. Improved highways and the railroad arrived, and the tenacles of the great depression of 1857 reached into every township of the Rock River country. In the far distance (very far, for many inhabitants of Wisconsin had never seen a Negro) were faint rumblings of impending conflict.

Such are the backgrounds of this excellent novel, which reminds us that New York City is not our only melting pot. Jessica North handles the Norwegians, Indians, British, and other folk with the ease of a trained ethnologist, and reproduces the minutiae of everyday life with an assurance and accuracy that denote extensive and loving research. With an evident distaste for the melodramatic and spectacular the novelist may sometimes restrain her narrative unduly, but the book is never dull.

"Morning in the Land" has an old-fashioned virtue not much cultivated in our hard-boiled era: it has the virtue of charm.

Jessica Nelson North



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# Noyesian Future

*NO OTHER MAN. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1940. 320 pp. $2.50.*

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE fantastic novel of the future may be either a form of adventure story or a form of the novel of ideas, offering a criticism of society—or, in happy instances, both. If it aspires to the virtues of the thriller, it is necessay that it should be reasonably self-consistent, and that the hypothesis should be laid down clearly enough so that we can see what forces the hero is up against, and what weapons he has to oppose to them. On this lower ground, at least, success cannot be claimed for "No Other Man." We could accord the willing suspension of disbelief, though it would take a good deal of will-power, to the idea that there is a death-ray which is fatal to humans though not to animals, and that (to make things easy for the survivor) it causes not only its victims, but their clothes, to shrivel up in a sanitary fashion; also that its inventor sold it to every government in the world at a thousand marks each, when he would obviously have been safer, as well as richer, by selling it to one for a fortune; and further that every government turns it on at the same time. The accidental preservation of a hero, Mark Adams, and a heroine, Evelyn Hamilton, and their accidental discovery of traces of each other, and their Robinson Crusoe existence, then follow readily enough. But the book loses all claim to be even one of Aristotle's probable impossibilities with the arrival of Mardok, a super-dictator, who has also survived; he calls upon Evelyn to be his queen, she naturally asks queen over whom, and he replies casually that there must be some people left somewhere—an astonishing self-contradiction for any author to put in as an afterthought. And though Mardok is *ex hypothesi* completely ruthless and has several Buck Rogers inventions, he makes no use of them except to render the hero helpless and then let him go again.

Considered, on the other hand, as a novel of ideas, "No Other Man" must stand by the value of those ideas. The chief of them is one with which no one can quarrel, the need of religious faith. This is persuasively and even eloquently set forth; Mr. Noyes is well known as a convert to the Church of Rome, and he has caught the beauty of that church without losing a Protestant affection for the almost heretical ones among the fathers, Origen and Joachim de Flores; if Mr. Noyes were content to urge religion upon us, we might be able to thank him. Unfortunately this idea is entangled with a number of others, by no means so universally acceptable, for example, that he who is by then the late Mussolini was "rather a dear . . . really an idealist, and a bit of a poet." Or there is the idea, less succinctly expressed, but implied by so much of Mr. Noyes's later writings, that anything in art which is different from Lord Tennyson or Sir Edwin Landseer is perpetrated by the artist because it was the easiest way to make money, and taken up by the public because it was the fashion, or because it was indecent. This may seem an incredible position, in view of the struggles which have been undergone by all artistic innovators; but read the chapters here where Mark goes through the world of

**Alfred Noyes**

the dead, and finds them revelling in surrealism like the Cities of the Plain.

It must be said for "No Other Man" that its central chapters are a rather pretty Juan-and-Haydee lovers' idyll, though even this is at times marred by sentimentalism. When Mark Adams finds that he and Evelyn Hamilton are (apparently) the only people left alive, the author says that "in fiction they would have inevitably begun to call each other Adam and Eve. In this more veracious history, they merely called each other Mark and Evelyn." Mark might have called Evelyn Hamilton Ham with a beautiful appropriateness.

### Now, Now, Mr. Hemingway . . .

They were having now and before and always and now and now and now. Oh, now, now, now, the only now, and above all now, and there is no other now but thou now and now is thy prophet. Now and forever now . . . There is no now but now. Yes, now. Now, please now, only now, now anything else only this now, and where are you and where am I and where is the other one . . . going now . . .

*—From Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls."*

## THE NEW POETRY

*(Continued from page 7)*

their concept or their expression, nothing rough or violent. Much provocation must be given before a gentleman will resort to violence, and Mr. Hillyer's poetic impulse has not provoked him sufficiently to make him deliver a real sock in the eye. There is fine irony here, philosophic restraint, contemplative reflection delivered in carefully wrought and considered terms. This is poetry by a man who knows what he wants to say, and how to say it. That what he wants to say is limited by his personal world, an introspective, scholarly but not pedantic domain, touched by outer tumult but not really shaken by it, is nothing against his work. His is a calm voice in a troubled universe, and the calmness does not lack strength or perception.

"The Tomb of Thomas Jefferson," by Lawrence Lee, is a slim volume, the product of an even slimmer vein of talent. Mr. Lee's poetry is so resigned, so delicate, so nostalgic that there is hardly any strength left in it at all. There are poems in this collection which have as their theme the terror and brutality of our times, but the author's approach negates the vigor of that theme. He escapes into phrases of such easy orthodoxy as

> Since first the walls of Egypt stood
> Night has come on and found man pressed,
> With only gentleness and good
> To batter down the iron fist.

In the title poem, Mr. Lee looks back at history with a longing gaze. This reader has got the impression that Mr. Lee is not willing or glad to breathe the air of these times. These poems are too remote, too aloof. They die, they faint, they fail with a sort of delicate resignation.

The collected poems of Jean Starr Untermeyer, "Love and Need," include her four previous books, and twenty new poems. They present a moving document of a poet's personal growth and accomplishment; the reader feels that they were truly written from the author's own need of expression, not with an eye to potential publication. That is not to say that they are carelessly wrought or unfinished products of the poetic impulse. There are a few ineptitudes, and many of the poems could have been successfully condensed, but there is a felicity and spontaneity of phrase and a poignance which reveals a warm and living personality.

They are intimate poems, sometimes of the small things that make up a great portion of a woman's life; and some of them are slight and not of large import, but the whole impression is strong and compelling.



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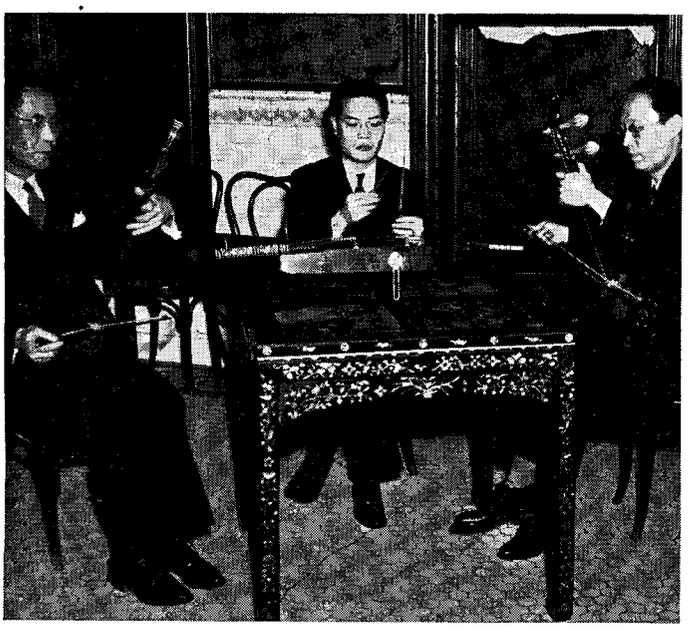
# P.E.N. Dinner

ONE hundred and thirty members of the P.E.N. Club had a dinner meeting last Wednesday at the Port Arthur Restaurant in New York's Chinatown. Atmosphere and food were in strict keeping with locale.

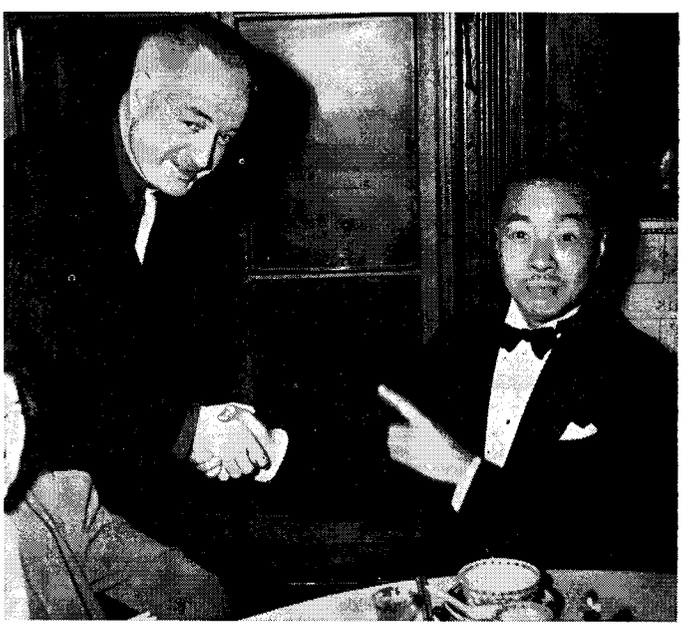
Principal speaker was Dr. Hu Shih, Chinese Ambassador to the United States, who gave a learned discussion of the Chinese language and the problems confronting China's writers. Mr. Tsune Chi Yu, Chinese Consul General, spoke of the breakdown of moral considerations in international affairs. Pearl Buck, concluding speaker, painted a warm picture of the Chinese people, praising them for their "realism, courage, and good humor."

Henry Seidel Canby, *SRL* editor, was toastmaster.

In the center is Dr. Hu Shih, Chinese Ambassador to the United States. At his own right are Mrs. Henry Seidel Canby and Will Irwin; at his left are Mrs. James E. Hughes and Dr. Canby, toastmaster and chairman. Dr. Hu Shih is an author himself.



Music was supplied by the Chinatown String Trio. The *SRL* photographer induced one of them to write down the name of the piece they were playing at the time this picture was taken. This is what he wrote: 春光好 English translation: "Springtime."



W. W. Norton, head of the publishing house of the same name, meets Mr. Tsune Chi Yu, Chinese Consul General, whose so-this-is-the-fellow gesture went unexplained by our photographer, Henry Weiman, pinch-hitting for Robert Disraeli, *SRL* regular.

Pearl Buck told several anecdotes about the good-humored realism of the Chinese people.

Robert Nathan, President of the P.E.N., found a charming and modest table companion in Adet Lin, young daughter of Lin Yutang, who recently returned from Chungking.

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# "Hurricane of God"

*LONE STAR PREACHER. By John W. Thomason, Jr. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.* 1941. 296 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IN the heat of the Seven Days' fighting on the Chickahominy, Praxiteles Swan, gigantic shepherd of the best Methodist flocks in East Texas and chaplain with Hood's Texas Brigade, found himself clutching a musket with which he had just beaten out a Union sergeant's brains, and standing in front of a regiment that had lost its officers. He let out a roar that made the woods shake, and marshalled the straggling men into line. "From this day forward I serve the God of Battles," he ejaculated to the approving Hood. He was in the front line, waving sword instead of Bible, in every battle thereafter. At Second Manassas he helped roll up boastful Jawn Pope's army. At Sharpsburg he quoted Isaiah—"confused noise and garments rolled in blood"—as he plied his musket on the bluecoats. Just west of the Dismal Swamp he set an ambush and bagged sixty Federals. He fought among the rocks at Gettysburg and the cornfields at Chickamauga. He was at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor. Except for Gettysburg, as his friend Major Martin put it, the Texicans buried their dead—they held the field. As the war drew to a close, Swan and Martin rode up to Richmond to protest to President Davis against the proposal to give the regiments numbers instead of names. "We Texicans hev obeyed orders. But we air the Texas Brigade, and so we will remain."

We have here a speaking portrait of a frontier preacher who fought as robustiously as he prayed; who was as direct, simple-minded, and iron-fisted in smiting the Northern Canaanites as he was in conquering himself a wife in a Brazos ruckus, in organizing log-built churches, and in chasing the devil from the Gulf country so thunderously that men called him "Hurricane of God." It is not a subtle portrait; rather, it is done with broad strokes that sometimes give an effect of caricature; but it is virogorously effective. We believe in this tall, pious, and most formidable enemy of Belial. We need hardly be told by the author that the portrait is a composite of several Texans, founded on actuality. But the book does more than present a captain of Jehovah and General Lee. It gives us a panoramic sketch of the rough-hewn Texican fighters, too much neglected in histories of the Confederacy. They had a humorous, earthly, hard-bitten character all their own. They were quite unlike the dashing Cavalier commands of the Tidewater,

—*From the book.*

**Praxiteles Swan**

the dour blue-Right Presbyterians of the Shenandoah, the plain, simple hill farmers of Carolina and Tennessee who hardened into steel, the yelling fire-eaters of the deep South. They were men of the Andrew Jackson breed, bear-killers, Indian-fighters, buffalo hunters, with a touch of the cowboy. "The Texan Brigade was the best disciplined brigade in the army," they boasted.

Colonel Thomason's method of narrative is vivid, economical, and often stirring. He tells his story by a series of episodes, of lightning-flash vignettes. He is skilled in the right phrase and gifted in what to leave out. Some of his incidents may seem trivial. Praxiteles Swan, fresh from Bible school, striding out to roll the two ugly Pike boys, rivals in love, into the Texas mud. Swan at Sharpsburg helping a neighbor's boy, blundering Milo McKelty, capture a battleflag and a shoat; the shoat much the more valuable. Swan seeing the Louisiana Tigers play poker on the chest of a dead Yankee after the battle, a candle guttering between the man's teeth. Swan in memorable encounters with Stonewall Jackson and Lee. Swan preaching to a frightened Carolina boy till he straightens up so much that Miss Eliza of Suffolk, Va., marries him. Swan yelling like an ancient bard as he leads his warriors into the sleet of lead at Little Round Top. But with astonishing rapidity, in less than three hundred pages, these incidents, the salty Texas talk, the descriptive flashes, give us a canvas on which we see the war, the part the rangy Texans played in it, and the role of the gaunt frontier preacher among his disciples. Colonel Thomason's spirited drawings help. As we have said, the book is not subtle; it is neither a complex nor a sustained piece of work. But it is wondrously clear, memorable, and in part stirring.

# Author, Author!

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT is changing publishers for the new set of his public papers. His first set, "The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt," was published in five volumes by Random House in 1938, and covered his years as Governor of New York and his first administration in Washington. The new set, publisher to be announced later, will be in four volumes and will cover the second administration.

*Elizabeth Hawes* ("Fashion Is Spinach") leaves shortly for several weeks in South America. She will work on a new book about how to be a fashion designer. In addition to her regular articles in the Sunday edition of the newspaper *PM,* Miss Hawes now does a series for *Click.*

*Pauline Corley,* literary editor of the Miami *Herald,* two years ago interviewed Bennett Cerf, of Random House, on the sands of old Miami shore. When her piece came out the publisher was so pleased with it that he told Miss Corley to send him a novel, if she ever wrote one. He has just received the manuscript, a first novel, "The World and Richard." Cerf became immediately enthusiastic and will publish it in the fall. Mr. Cerf has sent a set of proofs to his new cousin-in-law, Ginger Rogers, to see whether the part of the heroine would appeal to her as a movie role.

*Dale Warren,* contributor to *The SRL* and other magazines and director of publicity for Houghton Mifflin, has taken time out from his publishing duties and from his entertaining of famous authors and others at his house in the country near Boston, to write "The Care and Feeding of a Place in the Country." The book will be out in March. It is intended, Mr. Warren says, for all those who for one reason or another have taken up country life; and the idea is to help country livers make the most of their opportunities in their own way. Unfortunately it will not describe Mr. Warren's own place in the country, nor will it tell you how to get rid of termites.

*Elizabeth Corbett* recently helped celebrate the 102nd birthday of the lady who was the original of her famous character "Mrs. Meigs," who appeared first in "The Young Mrs. Meigs" and subsequently in other books. She is Mrs. E. Purdon Wright, of Milwaukee. Mrs. Wright commented on the war: "I don't think it will amount to much . . . people will get along some way."

EUGENE ARMFIELD.



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## THE NATION'S No. 1 PUBLISHER

(*Continued from page 4*)

free publications privilege. Constituents who check every title on the list sent them by their Congressman are not unknown. One woman wrote to Agriculture for a long list of publications covering such diverse topics as gas engines, house cleaning, and caponizing "because I sure love to read." School children are a continual pest to overburdened officials in Agriculture, Interior, Commerce, and Public Health. "Please send me everything you can," they write, "Our teacher promised a prize to the one who collects the most bulletins . . . " or "the more you send the better mark I will get." "If only," one publication's official said to me, "all teachers would follow the practice of some—appointing one child to act as librarian for the class instead of encouraging forty to fifty pupils to fill scrapbooks—or wastebaskets!" What's more, most publications bearing the Government imprint aren't exactly slanted as juveniles. The Bureau of Standards' "Dress Patterns" isn't what it seems to the high school girls who request it, but a technical treatise, in the interest of manufacturers, on standardization of ready-to-wear sizes. "Homes for Birds," frequently asked for in childish script, begins "That the affection felt by many people for birds should manifest itself in the provision of homes for them is highly appropriate."

There are, also, attempts to get for-sales-only publications gratis. As one instance: the Department of Commerce issues a certain book at three dollars. (The corresponding English publication, product of a commercial concern, costs the equivalent of thirty dollars.) "Sometimes big companies who can well afford to buy the volume spend more trying to get it free than they would if they mailed their orders and checks direct to the Superintendent of Docks," one of the responsible issuing officials remarked grimly. "If we complied with all the requests for free copies, the cost of the book to the Government would be quintupled." While I was interviewing him, his telephone rang several times; each call came from someone trying to wangle free copies of "For sale" publications.

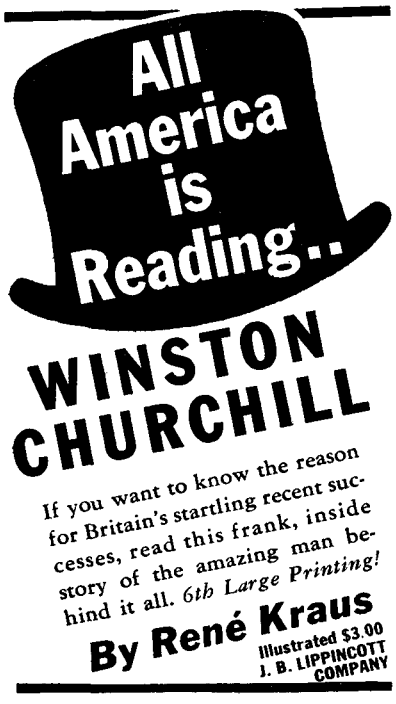
Scrutinze an average day's mail in any of the departments, however, and you'll find that the vast majority of requests for literature are legitimate. Householders, who assume that the Government can be more objective than manufacturers with something to sell, ask for information on insulation and plumbing and efficient kitchen arrangements. Engineers ask specifically for specific answers to specific problems. Literate, typewritten requests for the results of scientific experiments pour in from all over the world. To Public Health come pencilled, misspelled postcards from the backwoods of the deep South, asking for material on pellagra. Parents, many of them brought up on "Infant Care," ask the Children's Bureau for the latest edition; this handbook is the free, as well as purchased, best "seller" of all, among a clientele who would feel the expenditure of even a dime. "Please send me the following copies as I am a new farmer and would like to learn all about dairy cows and how to take care of them," read one letter to Agriculture. The name of a large city was crossed off on the letterhead; the name of a small town in the same state, substituted. Often there is a real note of urgency in the requests. "If I don't receive these bulletins before the rainy season begins," wrote a California farmer, "it will be too late." "Please send me whatever you have on milk goats right away. My baby is dependent on my goat, and it's sick."

Very rarely, a correspondent has to be told that the Government has published nothing that meets his need. Such requests as "photographs of vitamins, so I know what to swallow and what to let alone," "directions for airing and dyeing of cows' tails," "information on cockroach production," and "something on witches" could not be filled. Nearly always, however, seek and you shall find it in a government bulletin.

But not always promptly. Letters that are addressed to the wrong department have to be shunted about Washington. Mistakes along this line are often natural: it would take second sight to know that "Health of the School Child" emanates from the Office of Education, "Good Food Habits" from Agriculture's Bureau of Home Economics, "Good Posture in the Small Child" from the Children's Bureau, and "Good Teeth"—with an attractive picture of an open-mouthed small boy on its cover—from Public Health; that you procure fish recipes from the Bureau of Fisheries, meat recipes from the Bureau of Home Economics.

The whole question of sales versus free distribution is a controversial one among publication's officials, and they present arguments on both sides. England gives nothing away—why should we? . . . Yes, and look at health conditions in England compared to ours. . . . Government publications are paid for through taxation; if you have to buy them, you're being taxed twice. . . . Why should all of us be charged for literature valuable only to special groups, like mining engineers or manufacturers? . . .

An interdepartmental committee on printing and publishing is working on a scheme to harmonize the present somewhat chaotic system of distribution. It recommends a certain amount of "official distribution" free to libraries; to meet special situations like localized plagues of insects, or epidemics; when necessary for national safety, as in the case of venereal disease or soil conservation. Beyond these special cases, it urges purchase only. But whether or not anything comes of the committee's efforts, in the meanwhile the happy fact remains that, one way or another, the U.S.A., publisher, makes a super-encyclopaedia available to the whole world.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# Dissenting Views

*CHRISTIANITY AND POWER POLITICS. By Reinhold Niebuhr. New York: Charles Scribner's Son.* 1940. 226 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

DR. NIEBUHR is no rubber stamp. His challenge to Protestant Christianity in the United States is clear and uncompromising. Dissenting from the views of those clergymen who "praise the peace of tyranny as if it were nearer to the peace of the Kingdom of God than war," he appeals not to sentiment or a theory of social organization but to the Gospel itself. Man is not, he holds, a creature innately good and destined to live the best of all lives once that the preliminary details have been arranged, but a sinner at odds with himself whose destiny it will forever be to struggle towards the good while succumbing to evil. He feels that the churches have shut out the vision of what was going on abroad in order that they might not be compelled to make a disturbing choice. In his opinion Christianity differs from all utopian philosophies because it prefers the realism of religion and history to the romanticism of irreligion and fancy. Christ, in his view, preached the law of love but also the truth that men violate the law of love. In short, for Dr. Niebuhr the faith of the New Testament implies a continuous struggle for victory over self and over the tendency to assume that society can transcend the individual man.

One cannot say that the whole book is as good as its individual parts. Some of the chapters are out of date; others are repetitious. But in its essence this treatise is a health-bringing draught. Perhaps the reader should turn to the final section, entitled "The Christian Church in a Secular Age" if he would find the essence of what Dr. Niebuhr has to say. There the issue between Christianity and what has since so largely taken its place in the Western world is stated, one thinks, more lucidly than it has been by any other Protestant divine. Shrewdly and relentlessly "secularism" is defined as a religion, not new but as old as man's periodic determination to have unbounded faith in himself.

I consider this book a genuine message for the times. It is comforting to know that America has men of Dr. Niebuhr's stature and intellectual depth; and it is a proof of the continuing virility of American Protestantism that such a book could appear now.

*Dr. George N. Shuster is President of Hunter College in New York.*


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# President-Elect

*LINCOLN ON THE EVE OF '61, a Journalist's Story. By Henry Villard. Edited by Harold G. and Oswald Garrison Villard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1941 106 *pp.* $1.25.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

IT is strange that one phase of Lincoln's life most carefully recorded by his contemporaries should be so neglected in modern studies of the much-studied War President. The four months Lincoln spent as President-elect in 1860 and 1861 were among the most important in his whole career. During them he had to sit silently watching his country drift toward disunion and civil war. He had to withhold comment while the inept Buchanan let secession run its course unchecked; he did not even have the ordinary citizen's right to criticize the Administration's conduct, for he was that most anomalous of all creatures —a President-elect, a being who has no official standing, a living corpse in whom animation is supposed to be suspended between election and inauguration day.

Yet this period of withdrawal from life is not without its uses. It permits the successful candidate to make his final preparations for his high task. During it he has time to plan his policies and select the men who are to help him put his policies into effect. In Lincoln's case this period was especially important; he had had little previous experience in national administration, and this was his opportunity to learn. That he had to learn during an emergency only accelerated the educational process.

A serious and detailed study of this part of Lincoln's career is badly needed, for no such work exists. Sandburg's six massive volumes give scant

(*Continued on page* 19)

**A GENTLEMAN HANGS**

*by John Dollond*

**A really clever mystery, artfully paced and charged with more suspense than is found in two ordinary *who-dun-its*. Considerable humor, too, despite its opening in a murder trial and its quick presentation of three—not one, as the title suggests—hangings in as many Mayfair closets.**

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| THE CARELESS HANGMAN<br>*Nigel Morland*<br>(Farrar & Rinehart, $2.) | Murder case "built on practically nothing" but "with unlimited angles" leads Palmyra Pym of Scotland Yard to death's door and triumph. | Mrs. P., whose manners and temper can be foul, does excellent sleuthing job in London subworld and other picturesque places. | High grade |
| KEEP MURDER QUIET<br>*Selwyn Jepson*<br>(Crime Club: $2.) | "Accidental" death of English scientist gloriously avenged by son after long search for killer in gangster circles of pre-blitz London. | Killer's identity early established, but way he is brought to book makes yarn that keeps eyes glued to every page. | Get it |
| THE BLACK PAW<br>*Constance and Gwenyth Little*<br>(Crime Club: $2.) | Attempt to purloin incriminating letters for unhappily married friend involves madcap Manhattan miss in two murders, solved with her help. | Exuberance of central figure and antics of various low comedy characters insufficiently atone for wanton busting of rules and flimsy motive. | Pretty silly |
| PROFILE IN GILT<br>*Jeannette Covert Nolan*<br>(Funk: $2.) | Ex-maid in mid-West (?) family with lurid past returns bearing important papers, and is poisoned. Sleuthess Lacy White gets busy. | Excels in portrayal of female characters. Men are sticks. Quietly convincing yarn of rattling family skeletons told with much dramatic impact. | Above average |
| THE PEACOCK FAN<br>*Harry Stephen Keeler*<br>(Dutton: $2.50) | Author of book of Chinese aphorisms rescued from hanging for crime pinned on him by unfortunate with sclerosed Amphytrean gland. | Another avalanche of verbiage decorating weird and fantastic plot in style that allocates author in extraordinary mystery-story niche. | *Keelerismus* + |
| MURDER ENDS THE SONG<br>*Alfred Meyers*<br>(Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.) | Operatic soprano skewered and jewels swiped in tempest-isolated Northwestern house. Rigoletto helps tenor sleuth solve tricky problem. | Knowledgeable musical background and shivery atmosphere add considerable punch to plot that jells a trifle too swiftly for comfort. | *Sforzando* |
| MR. MARLOW CHOOSES WINE<br>*John Bentley*<br>(Houghton Mifflin: $2.) | Indestructible Mr. Marlow, lovely and mysterious Elsa Steyr, and wicked Raoul Abdulla-had Bey play murderous hide-and-seek on Riviera. | Dope peddling gang that hesitates at nothing, including kitchen sink, gives Marlow some bad moments but virtue, slightly bedraggled, triumphs. | 10-20-30 |
| DRINK TO YESTERDAY<br>*Manning Coles*<br>(Knopf: $2.) | "Death by misadventure" ends troublous career of Englishman with linguistic gift whose fateful World War spy successes broke his heart. | Tremendously effective and entirely thrilling tale of man whose split nationality and tragically divided personal loyalties changed his whole life. | Brilliant |
| TIME FOR A MURDER<br>*J. Russell Warren*<br>(Sheridan House: $2.) | Old English clock-maker poisoned midst houseful of quixotically assembled and oddly assorted guests. "Curly case" confuses bland Insp. McGuire. | Finger of suspicion points too early and too definitely to make it much of puzzle. Dialog and characters are agreeable. | So-so |
| BY HOOK OR CROOK<br>*R. A. J. Walling*<br>(Morrow: $2.) | Hornswoggled young Antipodean fatally submerged in Devon lakelet. Thorough Mr. Tolefree checks all clues and bags unsuspected culprit. | Another excellent Walling study in plain and fancy deducing. For those who like celerity of crime stories contempered with cunctation. | Standard British brand |
| THE BLUE GERANIUM<br>*Dolan Birkley*<br>(Simon & Schuster: $2.) | Two feminine guests of Cal: hostelry fatally carved with fire-axe. Capt. Loring of Homicide Squad prevents third death by inches. | Gruesomely effective yarn of cold-blooded gal whose activities ruined several lives ere she got hers. Finish is hackle-rising. | Good melodrama |



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(*Continued from page* 18)

attention to Lincoln as President-elect. Beveridge died before he reached that point in his great biography. Baringer closes his excellent study of "Lincoln's Rise to Power" with the Chicago nomination.

Fortunately, there is no lack of useful source material covering those four vital months. The first successful candidate of the new and intransigeant Republican Party naturally came in for a great deal of attention. He was permitted no privacy; every moment of his daily life was carefully scrutinized by friends and neighbors who suddenly become aware of their fellow townsman's importance; newspaper reporters, photographers, artists, sculptors, politicians, and office seekers descended on Springfield to record their impressions of the hitherto little known man who had been elected President. Their impressions have not been lost —they are simply scattered and await patient piecing together by some careful student.

Whoever undertakes the task will have to depend largely on newspaper sources, for it is in the files of the nation's newspapers that he will find most of his material. Preëminent among these journalistic accounts are Henry Villard's dispatches to the *New York Herald.* Villard stayed in Springfield during the long months of waiting. He had met Lincoln during the debates with Douglas but in 1860-61 he came to know the man well. The *Herald* had opposed Lincoln's election and was contemptuous of him as a President. Villard, too, was at first distrustful. But he was an astute observer. He saw Lincoln grow, and his dispatches record his growth in power and self-confidence. By February, when the time came for young Villard to accompany the President-elect to Washington, he was willing to admit that he had misjudged the candidate. Some of his later dispatches forecast the judgment of posterity. Henry Villard, a refugee from European oppression, saw that liberty was safe in the hands of the new President.

Since the dispatches to the *Herald* cover the whole period between election and inauguration, casting light upon this little studied section of Lincoln's life, they deserve being made more accessible than the files of an eighty-year-old newspaper. The present volume, unfortunately, offers only a selection from the entire body of available material. The editors have printed the heart of their father's messages and added useful explanatory notes, but they have made a brief work out of what might have been an invaluable complete record.

*Philip Van Doren Stern is the author of "The Man Who Killed Lincoln."*

# THE NEW BOOKS

## Fiction

*FANNY BY GASLIGHT. By Michael Sadleir. Appleton-Century.* 1941. 458 *pp.* $2.50.

With a heavy clanking of literary machinery the curtain rises upon Fanny Hooper, who tells to a patient and optimistic publisher the tale of her life, loves, and betrayals in Victorian England. It is assumed that the publisher plans to publish this memoir, but he would best be advised not to do so; Fanny is a maudlin old fraud and is only telling him what she has herself read in the dolorous novels of her youth. The Victorian age is, for whatever reasons, veiled by immeasurable distance. Its only chance for literary vitality would be in a genuine and direct simplicity of attack. Mr. Swinnerton knew that. But Mr. Sadleir has interposed between us and Fanny a writer who has taken down her words, and since this writer himself, in character and style, has to be created by Mr. Sadleir, the effect is of screen upon screen. Behind them Fanny is a wraith, unsubstantial and unconvincing.

N. L. R.

*DAGGER OF THE MIND. By Kenneth Fearing. Random House.* 1941. 286 *pp.* $2.

Readers of "The Murder of My Aunt" and "The Beast Must Die" will not find unfamiliar the type of mystery story that Mr. Fearing has writ-


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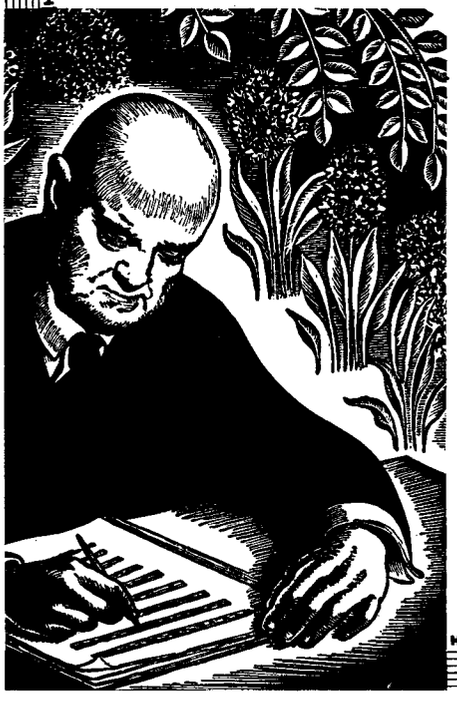
*Illustrated by* LOLITA GRANAHAN



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ten. It is not nearly so good as either of those earlier excursions into criminal psychology, chiefly because it is too diffuse to maintain in the reader the required pressure of nervous tension. It is not, however, anything like a failure: one or two chapters are as nerve-wracking as anyone could demand. The setting is an artists' colony; an erstwhile private estate, endowed by its former owners with the purpose of providing food, living quarters, and a place to work for invited groups of painters, writers, and musicians. The collection of guests whom Mr. Fearing presents includes some extremely bizarre persons, many of whom have dubious if not actually criminal pasts. The resolution of the plot, if not altogether satisfactory, is pretty sound: certainly the basic gag is a very good one, and it is only regrettable that Mr. Fearing was more interested in caricaturing the establishment than in sticking close to the development of his central twist.

F. S.

### Miscellaneous

*FINLANDIA. The Story of Sibelius. By Elliott Arnold. Holt.* 1941. 362 *pp.* $2.50.

Upon reading the newest biography of Sibelius we realize how much the times have changed since childhood was fed on the virtues of Washington, on the steadfastness of the Great Emancipator, on the heroism of Custer, unflinching in the face of bloodthirsty Indians. No one in his right mind would in those days have selected a musician as the subject of an heroic juvenile biography, for artists are unpredictable and often have loose morals. Mr. Arnold, knowing Finland through the experiences of a newspaperman and novelist, and motivated by a great admiration for the gallant little nation and its famous composer, offers to our young people a modern hero who is better than Father of his country, "he is Finland," who can split bigger rails than Lincoln, the new Orpheus who can tame with his piano playing creatures far more dangerous and ugly than the wild beasts or Custer's Indians—"pockmarked Red guards." The book, attractively illustrated, will undoubtedly, and deservedly, be enjoyed by young boys and girls, but it is hoped that it will not be used for serious music study.

P. H. L.

*AMERICANS. By Webb Waldron. Greystone.* 1941. 268 *pp.* $2.

Webb Waldron set out in his automobile on a voyage of discovery—to find out for himself the secret of the serenity which he had noted in various Americans of different occupations and backgrounds, and to redefine for himself the much used and abused phrase "the American way of life." "Americans" is a partial record of his findings, the story of fourteen Americans who have found contentment in doing what they want to do, whose hobbies have become their careers and are of social importance as well as sources of individual satisfaction.

First of all there is Russell Porter, who has popularized telescope-making and "sky-spying," and for many enthusiasts has removed astronomy from the chill confines of the tomb-like observatory. There are industrialists such as Otto Vogt and Henry Ford who are leading the way (ironically in the case of Ford) towards a decentralization of industry and have placed small industrial units in the country in healthful, beautiful surroundings. There are sketches of social workers who labor to plant the seeds of citizenship in the least fertile soil—the slums. Honest mayors are evidently a novelty, for Jasper McLevy of Bridgeport inspires a glowing chapter of extravagant praise.

"Americans" is simply and entertainingly written, but the persistent heartiness and optimism of the book as well as the frequent smugness of the Americans themselves become irksome at times; one finds himself wishing that at least one of the fourteen would try very hard but fail, or only partially succeed, but all are triumphant and militantly content.

R. A. C.

### Travel

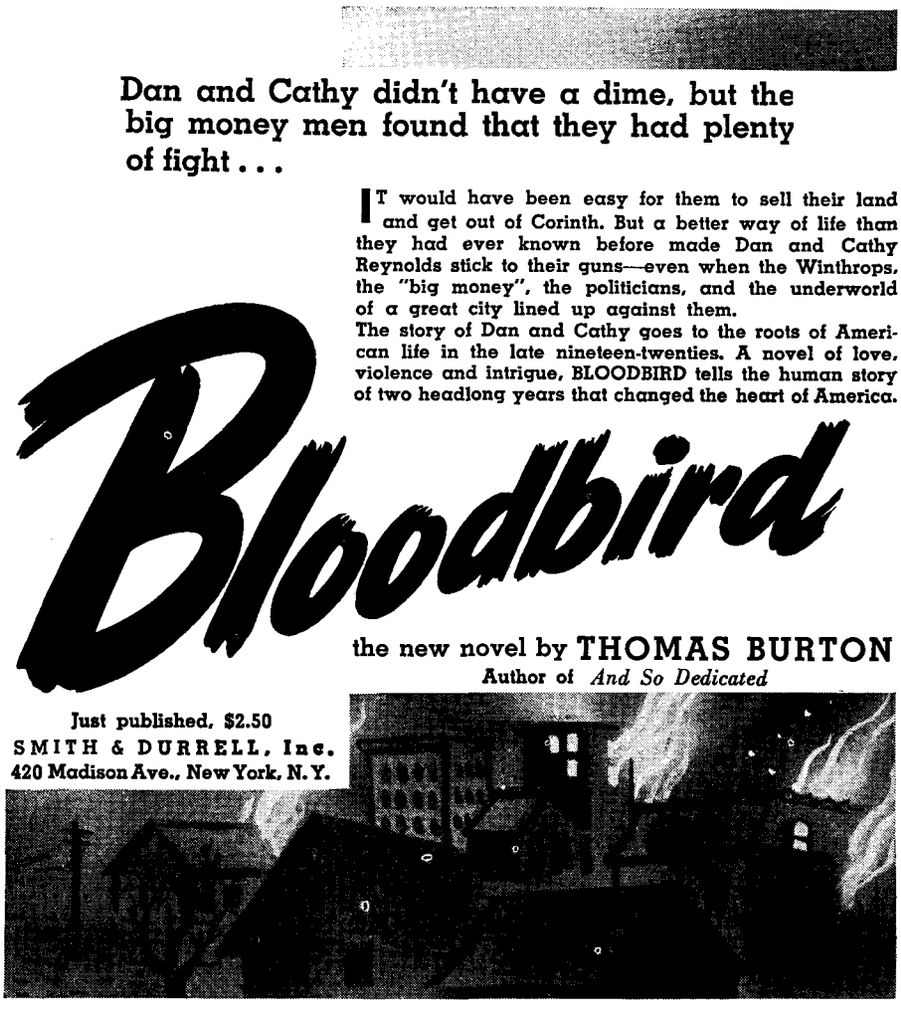
*JOURNEY TO THE WORLD'S END. By Hakon Mielche. Doubleday, Doran.* 1941. 297 *pp.* $2.50.

This young Danish author could write with charm of anything, and is fortunate in having a translator who apparently has not marred the freshness of the original. Even the preparations for the journey from Denmark to Tierra del Fuego, the "World's End," make delightful reading because of the humor and selective skill with which they are described.

Mielche went to Magallanes in Patagonia on a ship loaded with dynamite, and here was fortunate in meeting the apostate son of a missionary who took him on his twenty-five-foot boat through most of the channels of the sub-antarctic archipelago.

He has underwritten his adventures generally, describing even his stormy trip around Cape Horn with such caution that modesty spoils good narrative. He has excellently portrayed the heroic and brutal pioneers of the islands, the Gold King, Popper, who minted his own coins, the fanatic missionaries, the evil men of the mountains and the taverns; and he is at his best when being craftily startling with tales of humming-birds and flamingoes neighboring with penguins, or of the various beauty to be found in the most desolate land on earth. His own numerous marginal drawings are as delightful as his text.

H. D.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# TRADE WINDS

## P. E. G. QUERCUS ASSOCIATES

OLD MAN QUERCUS, who is still vacationing in Miscellaneous, sent us a companion piece for the "Coincidental Commentaries" the *SRL* has been publishing. He found it in the "Stark Munro Letters" (1894, but supposed to be written '81-'84). Stark Munro wrote to his friend, Bertie Swanborough, of Lowell, Mass.:

> Will civilisation be swamped by barbarism? It happened once before. . . . But what could break down the great country in which you dwell? No, our civilisation will endure and grow more complex. Man will live in the air and below the water. Preventive medicine will develop until old age shall become the sole cause of death. Education and a more socialistic scheme of society will do away with crime. The English-speaking races will unite, with their centre in the United States. Gradually the European States will follow their example. War will become rare but more terrible. The forms of religion will be abandoned, but the essence will be maintained; so that one universal creed will embrace the whole civilised earth, which will preach trust in that central power, which will be as unknown then as now. That's my horoscope, and after that the solar system may be ripe for picking. But Bertie Swanborough and Stark Munro will be blowing about on the west wind. . . .
>
> Man himself will change, of course. The teeth are going rapidly. . . . And the hair also. And the sight. Instinctively, when we think of the more advanced type of young man, we picture him as bald and with eye-glasses. . . . On the other hand. there is some evidence in favour of the development of a sixth sense, that of perception.

★ ★

☞The three winners of the Alfred A. Knopf Literary Fellowships for 1941 are Mrs. Berenice DuRae Thorpe, Seattle housewife and teaching fellow at the University of Washington, in fiction; W. E. Binkley, Professor of Political Science and History at Ohio Northern University, in history; and Mitchell V. Charnley, Professor of Journalism at the University of Minnesota, in biography. ☞Mrs. Thorpe's project is an unfinished novel, "Reunion at Strawberry Hill," in which she follows the fortunes of a large family through the device of a family reunion in which the six grown children, four girls and two boys, come back to the home place for a visit with their parents—only to face the necessity for solving their own problems. ☞Professor Binkley's venture is a history of American political parties from the making of the Constitution to the present time. ☞Mitchell V. Charnley is at work on the first full-length biography of Thurlow Weed, friend of Lincoln, Seward, and Greeley, who in his own time was called "the President-maker" and "the American Warwick."

★ ★

☞W. S. Hall, of Snyder and Hall, the international book travelers, told us a story, which has a ring of antiquity, about the book publisher who always wanted long terms on his accounts payable. He fell mortally ill, and dictated an epitaph to his wife. Later, she had it engraved on his headstone:

IZAAH WALTON
DIED JANUARY 15
AS OF MARCH 15

★ ★

☞February additions to the 24c Pocketbooks series: ☞*Greenmantle,* built around the author's actual experiences as Director of Intelligence in the British Foreign Office during the last war. John Buchan, the author, who is well-known for his other famous story, *The Thirty-Nine Steps* (also a PocketBOOK), is remembered by everyone as Lord Tweedsmuir, former Governor General of Canada. ☞*Good-bye, Mr. Chips,* by James Hilton. ☞*The Werewolf of Paris* (fit companion for Dracula) by Guy Endore—a horror story which takes place under the Siege of 1870 and the Commune. ☞*The Sherlock Holmes Pocketbook,* a collection of the most famous cases including *The Sign of the Four, Red-Headed League,* and *A Study in Scarlet.*

★ ★

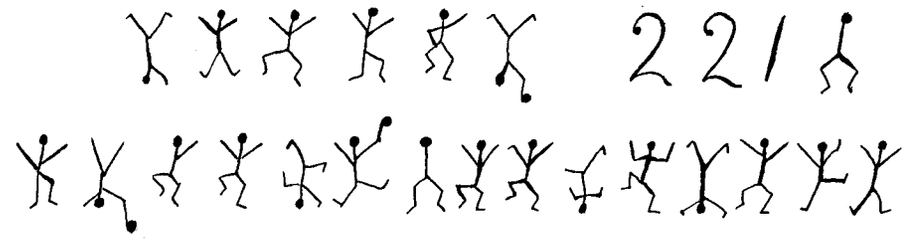
☞The firm of Wilfred Funk, Inc., is quietly going about the preparation of a time-bomb set for the 21st. Harvey Klemmer, right arm of Ex-Ambassador Kennedy at One, Grosvenor Square, has given his strong manuscript the title: "They'll Never Quit!"

★ ★

☞"As no one seems to answer your request of January 4th for book titles for your collection, I take the liberty of submitting 'Small Wars. Their Principles and Practice,' by Colonel C. E. Callwell, published by H. M. Stationery Office in 1906. The book has been through three editions, the latest dated 1914 and is now out-of-print, but is presumably to be re-

---

☞ **Here is a cipher based on "The Adventure of the Dancing Men," to be worked out by devotees of Sherlock Holmes. We'll say this much as a tip-off: It is a book blurb.**



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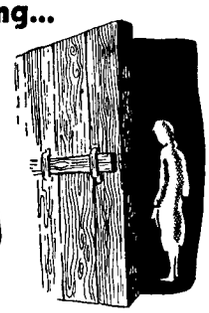
The CLOSED  DOOR

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printed when occasion offers, as it is still listed in the catalogue of War Office publications. Lieutenant Winston Churchill is among the authorities on small wars." Faithfully and Anonymously Yours, J. F.

★ ★

☞The first tentative book selections of the new Readers Club are slated to come from Harcourt, Brace and Company ("William," by E. H. Young), Harper and Brothers ("The Far Away Bride," by Stella Benson), Viking Press ("Hindoo Holiday," by J. R. Ackerly), and Boni ("The History of Mr. Polly," by H. G. Wells). Each book will carry a foreword by the Club's judges, and in the order named: Carl Van Doren, Clifton Fadiman, Alexander Woollcott, and Sinclair Lewis.

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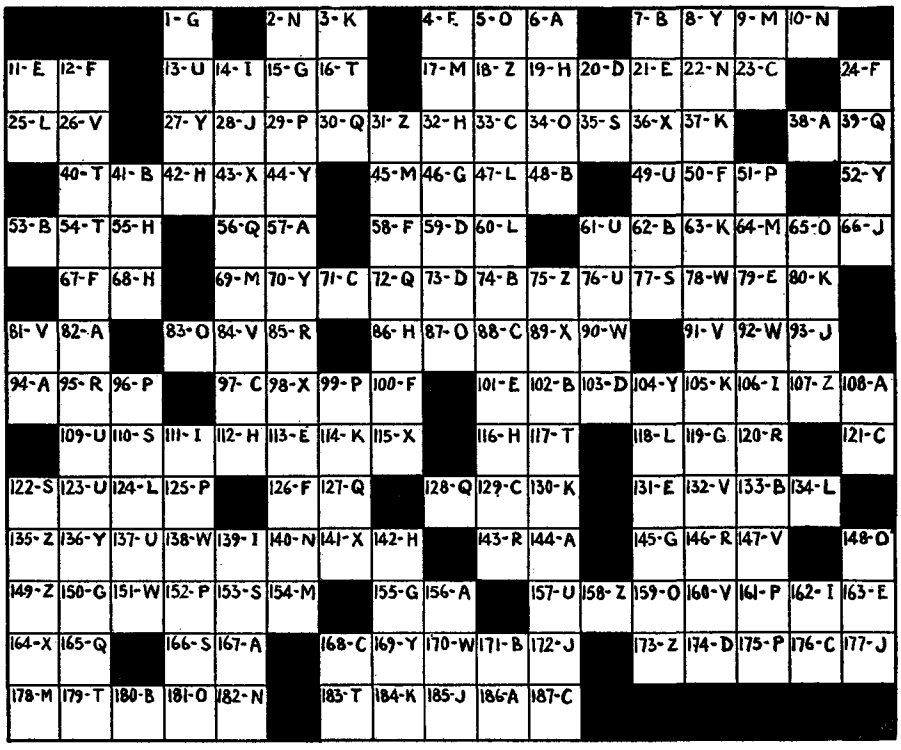
# Double-Crostics: No. 360

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY




### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).*

**The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 6 of this issue.**

### DEFINITIONS

**A.** Affording positive proof.

**B.** Victor in race with Atalanta.

**C.** Glorified personification of an ideal.

**D.** Ascended from the grave.

**E.** Regeneration (theol.) (2 wds.)

**F.** Indian of a Cariban tribe in Brazil.

**G.** Designating singing in high pitch (Anc. Gr. Mus.)

**H.** Osprey.

**I.** Mother of Aphrodite.

**J.** Democratic candidate for the Presidency (1876).

**K.** Apollo as the god of manly beauty.

**L.** Primitive or root word.

**M.** External.

**N.** Small, insignificant (slang).

**O.** Surpass in speedy rotation.

**P.** Not checked or restrained.

**Q.** Mystic.

**R.** Cold, catarrh; tears (poetic).

**S.** Mishearing or misapprehension of spoken words.

**T.** Counterbalance, compensate.

**U.** Noted falls in Idaho.

**V.** Moral of a story or fable.

**W.** Arabian tale by William Beckford (1786).

**X.** Long two-handed sword used by footsoldiers.

**Z.** English novelist (1815-82).

### WORDS

186 167 57 144 6 94 38 82 156 108

41 53 74 62 102 7 133 171 180 48

129 23 176 187 121 88 97 168 33 71

103 73 20 174 59

4 163 101 11 79 113 131 21

126 67 12 24 50 58 100

155 15 145 119 1 150 46

112 142 32 116 68 19 42 86 55

162 106 139 111 14

66 28 177 172 185 93

105 130 80 114 184 63 3 37

47 118 60 134 124 25

45 178 154 17 9 64 69

2 22 10 140 182

5 159 34 148 83 65 87 181

125 152 161 51 99 96 29 175

127 128 39 30 165 56 72

95 146 120 143 85

122 166 110 153 35 77

16 54 117 40 183 179

157 109 137 61 13 49 123 76

147 160 84 91 26 81 132

138 170 90 78 92 151

141 164 43 89 115 36 98

52 70 104 169 44 136 8 27

158 173 18 75 107 31 135 149



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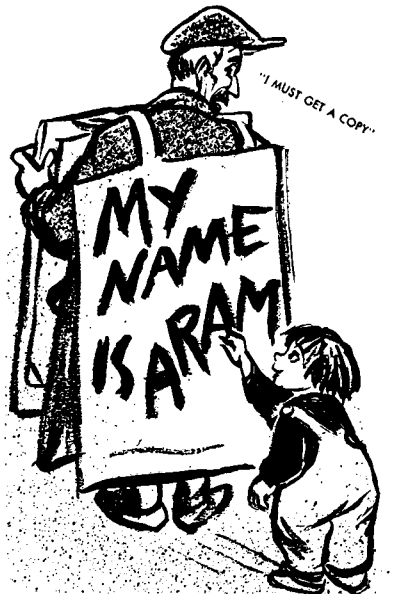


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